

15 Words 15c



## Farmer Classified Ads



Phone 1208

1917?

By  
EDWIN BALMERCopyright, 1916, by the Chicago  
Tribune

(Continued.)

"Well, if they're playing that game they'll find two at it, perhaps. Six of our submarines went out submerged a couple of hours ago. They're waiting off to the south. That's why the Pennsylvania's pretending to wait for us. We're giving the subs time to get placed."

"They're starting to withdraw to the south," Wendell said, his hands clenching tight as the forward gun of the Pennsylvania roared again. The enemy's ships indeed were definitely moving off, but not so swiftly as to at once discourage pursuit. They remained just beyond or just at the limit of extreme range of which main batteries might hit, and as the Carthage and the two Peras withdrew shells from their turrets continued to spurt up spray before the Pennsylvania.

That ship forced ahead faster, and now Bob Wendell felt the Arizona's deck vibrating with the tremor of torpedoes pushed "full speed ahead." The bow wave piled up in a white crest, which splashed up and over the forecastle as the great ship dipped. More spray splattered up as the Arizona, following the Pennsylvania, altered its course to the south in pursuit of the enemy's ships. The men of the gun crews, who had been below bathing, were crowding out now upon the forecastle deck. They were nude to the waist, and the hot afternoon sunlight gleamed on the pink and brown flesh of their bodies and sparkled on the drops of spray splashed upon them.

Far ahead of the Pennsylvania and well away on both beams the American destroyers—the Carthage and Cummings, the Alwyn and Balch and two others—tossed and tipped as they dashed through the waves on their watch for the enemy's submarines. Far in the air overhead two American biplanes circled, their wireless sending back word that so far no mines and no enemy submarines had been sighted.

Wendell gazed now and then at these auxiliary craft, but the men of the gun crews, crowding eagerly forward, ignored everything but the Pennsylvania, which still was firing slowly and singly, one gun from No. 1 turret, now a gun from No. 2, another gun from No. 1, again from No. 2. The Arizona's gun crews pointed in their envy and cried out to one another. Scraps of their exclamations came back to Wendell on the wind. Full! Another gun fired on the Pennsylvania, and now, as soon as that could have been reloaded, all six guns of the two forward turrets went together in a salvo which hid for a space of second all the fore part of the ship. At the sight of the great yellow cloud belched before the turrets a cheer burst from the gun crews of the Arizona. The thunder of the salvo came down the wind and swelled the cheer into a wild, exultant shout from the men below as well as those above. For every one who could hear or see knew what the salvo meant—the Pennsylvania was no longer testing the range; the salvo told that she had found it. And in the interval of suspense—suspense after the gas of the powder had puffed and been blown away from the guns after the sound had rumbled back on the wind to the Arizona—during the slow score of seconds while the six great shells must still be in flight toward the enemy's ships officers and men spun about and, with heads bent back, stared at their foretop. Would the "spotters" up there see splashes of spray this time beside the Carthage, or would it be "a hit?"

The answer boomed in the alarm bells sounding "general quarters" and the bugles calling all men to battle stations. Leaping at the call, as he had responded a hundred times in practice, Wendell stepped from the sunshine of the wind swept deck into

toward the upper works of the enemy's vessels far off to the east. He found himself repeating his directions in a voice not strange. "We fire at the rear ship in the line!"

At his command he felt the mighty turret revolving slowly beneath him; the turret trainer and the gun pointers, at their places at the periscope sights, were bringing the three monster guns to bear. Every man was trying to be as calm as though the command which had been repeated was simply "Fire at target No. 3." But not even Holt, the turret captain, who had made the record for his ship at the last gun trials on the ranges, was entirely steady. If Wendell were killed there was no other officer in the turret to succeed. The nearest would be Wayne, the ensign, in the handling room below. Holt set his lips and clinched his powerful hands. The heat in the turret was stifling. Fans sucked at the air, but sweat streamed over the bare bodies of the men standing idle—the sight setters, the gunner's mates, the "strikers" and the firing pointer, with the electric buzzer strapped over his bare chest, rising and falling as he panted for breath. The sound of the Pennsylvania's guns came, muffled, into the turret, but envy for the sister ship was gone. The Arizona soon would be in action and would show them. At the call to battle stations the Arizona was only a couple of thousand yards astern the Pennsylvania, which had just come within extreme range of the enemy. But the enemy's ships were withdrawing. Had they begun to flee so fast that the Arizona would not have a shot?

"Stand by!"

Now, "Initial range, twenty thousand; deflection, five four!"

The voice which first gave it spoke on the telephone circuit; simultaneously the visual signal clicked and the fange and the deflection stood out in sharp figures in yards and points—"20,000," deflection "5 4"—meant four points to the right. A voice, clear and slow, sounding from the speaking tube—which needed no dependence upon electric circuits—repeated the instruction.

But the sight setters, helmeted with the telephone headpieces strapped over their ears, already were making their adjustment. The distance was greater than that at which even first ranging shots might be fired, but the Arizona was closing with the enemy, the Carthage and the two Peras were offing themselves yet, and the range was shortening.

"Load!"

Wendell had heard moments before the rumbling below, which told that in the handling room the shells and the powder bags for his three mighty guns were being upon the cars. He turned from his periscope as the steel traps to the handling room opened and the ammunition cars came to place behind the open breeches of the guns. The crews, sweating and elated, rained in the monster shells, thrust the great powder bags in behind and closed the breech of each gun. The ammunition cars, empty, dropped below, the trap doors closing above them. At each gun the plugman put in the primer. The three fourteen-inch guns were ready, each separated from the next by a steel bulkhead to limit as much as possible an accident in the turret.

A few yards farther forward and lower the three great places of No. 1 turret, too, were ready, their muzzles lifted to extreme elevation toward the eastern sky.

"Range, one, nine, O double O! Deflection five four!" the telephone said. The visuals displayed the figures in black and white again. "Commence firing with one gun!" the order came on the telephone as the sight setters sprang to their rights. The voice tube repeated the order, and the firing pointer, holding his electric button in hand, stooped and strained at his telescope to follow closer the pointing of the guns. Up and down, up and down, up and down, as the waves passed under the ship the deck moved, but as it moved and as the ship steamed forward and the target ship also moved the trainer and the gun pointers worked ceaselessly turning the turret and elevating and lowering the guns to keep the sights steadily "on" the target, but as the firing pointer crouched at his telescope the cross hairs which divided his field of sight rose now above the funnels of the third ship on the horizon. Now, as the ship dropped, too much of the gray, white streaked sea appeared. For a flashing instant only—a frightful infinitesimal of a second—the faraway funnels, the masts and the bridge of the enemy ship showed exactly in the cross hairs of the sight. At that infinitesimal the gun must fire. The firing pointer better than any one else knew that as he strained, sweating, and flinching his firing key.

"Bzzzzzz!" The buzzer, hung against his chest now, was sounding the signal to fire. For an interval—measured and noted in the chief fire control station from which the signal came—the buzzer would sound. The firing pointer could choose when during those counted seconds the gun was "on" the target

# WANTED GIRLS

On Power Presses, Tapping Machines and Light  
Clean Assembling.

HIGH WAGES PAID TO  
BEGINNERS  
8 HOUR SHOP.

## THE BRYANT ELECTRIC CO.

and he should loose the charge, but if he did not fire while the buzzer still was sounding the turret must wait instruction from the tops again—the sights must be altered, the gun aimed again, that chance for dealing destruction be gone.

"Bzzzzzz!" the buzzer was still going, but it would not go forever. Had it not been going for minutes now? Bob Wendell jerked, stiff and strained, toward the firing pointer. He tried to speak, but he could not till he wet his lips; then as he saw the pointer's face the rebuke stayed on his tongue. The gun pointer's face was drawn as in agony, his arms strained and stretched as in torture, his lips moved ceaselessly, soundlessly, and his fingers playing with the firing key as a surgeon's taking up a scalpel. (The man's eyes, glassy in their steadfastness, stared through the telescope. Too much of the sky was in the field of sight, but now the deck was dropping again and the buzzer still was sounding. The firing pointer's fingers pressed together, and the monster bulk of steel beside him leaped back in recoil, while the air before the turret was yellow and etherous with blazing gas and the ship shuddered at the shock of the discharge.

The firing pointer, falling back as the doors from the handling room opened again and the car came up for the reload, gazed toward Wendell. Bob, counting the score of seconds during which the shell would be in flight, said to himself, "Eight, nine." Then, aloud, "That was right, Louder; fire when you're on the target!" He saw that the gun was reloaded and from his station gazed through his periscope but over the sea.

If he missed—he and the firing pointer and the turret trainer, the sight setters and the rest, the captain on the bridge, Garry and his men in the top, the executive officer in the chief fire control station, the engineers and all the others throughout the ship who lived then only to send shells true and straight, from the guns—if they all missed, a spurt of spray would show somewhere ten miles away. If the shell hit, nothing would appear—that was, nothing would show right away. A little later the target ship might show a list or a fire might break out. But in any case Wendell and the crew in the turret who had pointed and fired the gun could scarcely hope to see it. Only Garry and his spotters in the tops would surely see it. Perhaps the captain and the officers in the conning tower might see, but word would come to the turret as an instruction for a correction for the guns if it was a miss, or if it was a hit, "No change!"

"Down five hundred. One right!" That meant a miss, of course. The shell had gone over and splashed in the water. Garry had seen the splash and estimated the miss at five hundred yards. "One right!" That meant that the shell had fallen to the stern also. The original estimate had not allowed enough deflection for the speed of the Arizona and the relative speed of the funnels and masts out there ten miles away. But the shell at least had gone over. It had not fallen short. A second shot already was testing the new range. "Up three hundred!"

The range was now "bracketed." A shot at 19,000 yards had gone over. Another at 18,500 had fallen short. The sight setter for the gun which had fired already had altered his sight again. The firing pointer crouched and strained. The buzzer on his breast sounded. The gun leaped back.

(To Be Continued.)

The steamer Simla, of the Montreal Transportation Co., coal-laden, from Erie to Montreal, struck a shoal in the St. Lawrence, west of Brockville, Ontario, and was wrecked.

The Navy Department awarded contracts for 9,000 tons of structural steel to the Carnegie Steel Co. of Pittsburgh.

**SCHOOLS**  
THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 835 Fairfield Ave. College preparatory; technical and professional schools, civil service, Hotchkiss, Hill, etc. Elementary and advanced subjects—personal work with every student. Enrollment now the best preparation for September examinations or next year's work. Summer session, private tutoring, during July, August, and September. P 8 \*tf

**Stoves Repaired**  
STOVES REPAIRED, all kinds supplies, all makes, pipes, grates, bricks, etc. Charges reasonable. 1715 Main St. Phone 1349-4. G 8 \*tf

**MONUMENTS**  
MAUSOLEUMS  
M. G. KEANE  
Stratford Ave., Opp. St. Michael's Cem. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.  
Phone 1396-4. Phone 1396-4

**MONUMENTS**  
ARTISTIC—LASTING  
Plant operated by pneumatic cutting and polishing tools  
**HUGHES & CHAPMAN**  
500 STRATFORD AVENUE  
Phone Connection

**Wm. Lieberum & Son**  
Embalmers and Undertakers  
Office and Residence  
531 MAIN STREET  
Telephone Connection

**GEORGE P. POTTER**  
UNDERTAKER  
Automobile Service if Preferred  
MORTUARY ROOMS  
1185 BROAD STREET  
Tel. Barnum 6448-2

**HAWLEY & WILMOT,**  
Undertakers and Embalmers  
No. 168 State St., Bridgeport, Ct.  
All calls, day or night, answered from office. George B. Hawley, 113 Washington Terrace; Edward H. Wilmot, 945 Clinton Ave.

**M. J. GANNON**  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
AND EMBALMER  
1051 Broad St., near John  
Phone 3493  
Residence, 297 Vine St.  
Phone 1250

**ROURKE & BOUCHER**  
Undertakers  
and Embalmers  
1295 MAIN ST. Tel. Barnum 5409  
Calls Answered Day or Night

**FRANK POLKE & SON**  
EMBALMERS & UNDERTAKERS  
773 State Street  
Phone Barnum 1590-2  
Branch Office, 409 Hancock Ave.  
Phone Barnum 359

**JOHN F. GALLAGHER**  
Margaret L. Gallagher  
Undertakers and Embalmers  
Margaret L. Gallagher, only licensed, graduate woman embalmer and undertaker in the city capable of taking entire charge of funerals, Mortuary parlors, office and residence.  
571 FAIRFIELD AV. Phone 1390

**For Sale.**  
MUST SELL AT ONCE—6 room house, \$2500, \$500 cash. Not far from center. Box T. H. Tel. 7485. 125 d \*

PRACTICALLY NEW 3 room 2 family house, all improvements, large lot, \$5,600, \$500 cash. Phone Barnum 7455.

FOR SALE—Fine 2 family double house, Sedgwick St. New 2 family 10 room house, Staples St. Fine 2 family 13 room house, Calhoun Ave. 6 room, cottage, Beechmont Ave. Watson, 33 Fairfield Ave. G 4 b \*p

BOYS WANTED—With bicycles, over fifteen years of age. Permanent positions, good pay, and advancement, 87 Fairfield avenue. 113 \*tf

BOYS WANTED—Who want to advance themselves and learn a trade while earning money. Apply 87 Fairfield avenue. 113 \*tf

LABORERS WANTED at the Wheeler & Howes Co., steady employment and good wages. D 10 \*tf

\$5,500; \$600 CASH—Buys a 12 room 2 family house with improvements; residential neighborhood; centrally located, 975 Howard Ave. Tel. 7485.

\$6200—\$3000 cash buys 3 family house modern improvements. Electricity, furnace, \$70 month income. L. Weiss, 975 Howard Ave. Tel. 7485.

FOR SALE—Large building plot on westerly side of Morehouse St. Black Rock, between Messers. Noren and Bertillon's property. 75 ft. frontage x 172 ft. deep. Correspond with owner: J. G. Larson, 703 Main Ave., Clifton, N. J. G 2 d \*

CHOICE LOTS FOR SALE—Only three left in the new section of Park avenue, first block north of North avenue on the east side of Park avenue. Lots restricted to one family residences, and are 62 1/2 feet front by 150 feet deep. Several lots on Lorraine and Herkimer streets. Each 50 x 100 feet. John A. Hurley, Room 425, Meigs Building. Phone Barnum 6712, Barnum 2765. G 2 d \*

THREE FINE two family houses for sale, all with modern improvements; room for drive, one with garage; located in excellent residential section. No money must be paid at once and are therefore to be had at a sacrifice. Investments \$1,000 to \$1,500, balance on terms to suit. Phone 2743-3 or Box No. 1, care Farmer. R 24 a \*p

FOR SALE CHEAP—Double, single, two family houses, lots and the best shore hotel on the sound. Established twenty-five years; land without the houses worth more than I ask for the whole plant. Easy terms. C. H. Fleming, 952 Main Street, Phone. Bridgeport, Conn. P 20 \*tf

**Shoe Repairing**  
GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIRING CO., 76 John St., and 946 East St. Main Street. Telephone 1915-6. Other so-called Goodyear Shops. We call and deliver. Tel. 1391. Winfield S. Black, Prop. U 1 \*tf

ENGRAVED Wedding Announcements, 100 complete with two sets of envelopes for \$6.00. Southworth, 10 Arcade. L 19 \*tf

**Upholsterers**  
WE WILL COVER and furnish all material for 5 piece parlor suit, guarantee all workmanship as first class, ten patterns to select from for \$12 to \$16. Sealy, Bros., 404 State street. P 6 \*tf

Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word.

**Ambulances**  
AMBULANCES—Invalid cars and attendants. Charges reasonable. James T. Rourke, 1296 Main street. Phone, Barnum 6409. D 7 d \*

**Automobiles**  
AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION: We can save you money on your automobile, fire and liability insurance. Give us a chance to figure before you insure elsewhere. Zaimon Goodsell & Co., No. 1094 Main street. Phone No. 31. S 2 a \*

**Awnings and Sail Maker**  
SAILS, AWNINGS, COAL BAGS. Spray Hood, Canvas Covers, Rope Splicing. Geo. L. Harrington, 178 East Main street. Tel. 5943. S 16 c \*

**Clairvoyants**  
MRS. LEVY, readings 25c and 50c. Telephone 5852. 1153 Madison avenue, formerly of 674 Madison avenue. D 15 \*tf

**Chiropractor**  
L. C. BOUTON, D. C., Chiropractic Specialist, Newfield building, 1188 Main street, Bridgeport, Conn. Hours, 9:30 to 12 M., 1 to 4 P. M., except Sundays and holidays. Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings 7 to 8 P. M. P 5 \*tf

**Doctor**  
THE MODERN and scientific method employed in my practice such as electric light rays, neuro-pathology, chiropractic, reflexology, hygienic, are in accord with nature and will improve and restore your health. Dr. Adolf O. Steinfeldt, Douglas practitioner. Security Building, Tel. 4755; consult at free. D 17 \*

**Foot Specialist**  
DR. MANSFIELD, FOOT SPECIALIST, 1107 Main street, over Dillon's, cures bunions, callouses pared, \$9 cents. I still practice the famous Mansfield Method which cures. Open afternoons and Sundays. D 18 c \*

**Furniture**  
SCALLY BROS., 105 STATE ST. Largest dealers of second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others: we have no rent to pay. S 10 a \*

**Insurance**  
DAMAGE IS ABOUT ALL fire can do to your property. Insurance costing 1-2c a day protects you. All the particulars at D. B. Hootch & Co., Conn. Bank Building. S 15 \*tf

**Inventors**  
WANTED—Inventors to send for one of my booklets on U. S. and Foreign patent. Mercer D. Blondel, Patent Solicitor, Conn. National Bank building. B 17 \*tf

**Merchants' Exchange**  
Edwin Smith & Co. Dealers in guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods. Keys fitted, locks repaired, saws filed, door checks put and repaired, talking machines, steel tape and light repairing of all kinds at Smith's Gun Store, 95 Wall St., Tel. 4393-2.

**Sales**  
SAFES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter J. Marsh, 192 Fairfield Ave. A 57 \*tf

**Unclassified**  
I WANT EVERY FRATERNAL MAN—in Bridgeport to know about the Royal Order of Lions. Charter now open. New den forming. Funeral benefits \$250. \$1.00 weekly sick benefit. Free physician. Charter fee \$5.00. Call H. A. MacKinnon, Room 301, Warner Bldg., Bridgeport. G 3 a \*p

WANTED TO BUY FOR CASH—Two family house, modern improvements, East St. Telephone 1915-6. George W. Hills, 170 Cannon St. G 2 s \*

FOR SALE—Lumber and Firewood. 300 State St.

WANTED—Furnished room by newly married couple. Address M. K. Care of Farmer. 128 s \*p

ARCHITECTURAL TRACING—done at home. Call 1152 Madison Ave. Phone 5652. 127 a \*

CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD, silver platters and dentist scrap. Goldberg, 146 Fairfield avenue. U 17 a \*

FOR VERICOSE VEINS or rheumatism try Young's Liniment, guaranteed to please or money refunded; three ounces 50 cents at Hindle Pharmacy Inc., 987 Main street; Cannon's Pharmacy, 1449 State St. P 1 b \*p

WANTED TO BUY all kinds of second hand furniture. Geo. F. Toombs, Redfield's old stand, 45 Harrison street. Phone 1015-9. D 31 \*tf

CARPETS cleaned, and up to date cleaning ready for business now. Fluff rugs made from old carpets any size you want and made right. Bridgeport Steam Carpet Cleaning Co., 280 Fairfield Ave., Tel. Barnum 3555. Call us by phone. I 7 \*tf

Girl Wanted? Read The Farmer Want Ads.

**Female help wanted**  
WANTED—Girl for general housework—small family. Apply 105 Brooklawn Place. G 2 \*tf

YOUNG WOMAN WANTED—do do typewriting and other office work 3 hours each day. Four dollars per week. Address J. K. Care Farmer. P 26 \*tf

WANTED—School girls during vacation on light pleasure work. Warner Bros. Co., Call at Employment Office, corner Lafayette and Gregory Streets. D 9 \*tf

YOUNG LADIES, 15 to 25, education 5th grade grammar school or equivalent, to learn telephone operating. Dollar a day for 4 weeks. Rapid advancement thereafter. Permanent positions. Apply at 134 Fairfield Ave. Ask for Miss Wheeler. The Southern New England Telephone Co. D 6 \*tf

**Help Wanted Male**  
ASSISTANT ELECTRICIAN—for wiring, limousines, bodies. Apply Blue Ribbon Auto & Carriage Co., 1720 Fairfield Ave. G 3 b \*

WANTED—Silversmiths. We have room for three all around silversmiths. Can guarantee steady work, working conditions of the best. Satisfactory wages. Address Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co., International Silver Co., Successor, Wallingford, Conn. G 2 d \*

WANTED—Representatives in every town of 1,000 or over to sell patented article all or part time. Exceptional opportunity. United Specialty Sales Co., Room 314, 69 Church Street, New Haven, Conn. 130 d \*

**To Rent**  
TO RENT—4 rooms. All improvements. \$25.00. Garage, room. If needed. 1869 East Main St. G 2 s \*

TO RENT—Pleasant five room flat, all improvements, desirable location. Reasonable to adults. C. L. C., care of this office. G 2 s \*p

ROOMS—75c single or \$1.00 double, per day and upwards, (to men). Royal Hotel, State and Courtland Streets. L 12 a \*p

16 ROOM, double house, excellent location for rooming house. \$4,000; \$500 cash, 8 room, 2 family house, \$3,300; \$500 cash, 8 room, 2 family house, \$3,500; \$500 cash. L. Weiss, 1433 Main St. Tel. 869-4. Barnum. L 5 \*tf

**Physical Treatment**  
LOUIS F. NUTTING, physical treatments by heat, electricity or manipulation. Rooms 309-310, City Savings Bank, 952 Main street. Office hours: week days 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. B 1 \*tf

**JEWELRY**  
DIAMONDS on credit—Diamonds, watches and solid gold. Exclusively designed jewelry. Weekly payments. Will call. Rutland, 438 State St. downstairs. B 9 \*tf

**Positions Wanted**  
WANTED—Position by middle aged lady at general housework. Thoroughly competent. Address N. S. care General Delivery. 126 d \*

DOMESTIC WORK wanted by the day. Apply at 8 Oak Street. I 21 d \*

CHAUFFEUR 5 years experience, careful driver, strictly temperate, commercial or private. All references. Jack T. Warner, 1929 State St., Bridgeport, Conn. I 23 d \*

ONE in need of work would like washings and ironings to do at home. No. 3 Fulton Court. 115 s \*

YOUNG MAN—Good appearance and education has 2 years experience as clerk in insurance broker's office, wishes position. Address William Rusken, 699 Broad street. 112 d \*

WANTED—To do housework by middle aged lady. Family of adults. Inquire 1116 Howard Ave. I 8 d \*p

CHAUFFEUR—Married. Wishes position driving commercial or private. Strictly temperate. H. H. Rudak, 30 Commercial street. 111 d \*

POSITION WANTED—Man and wife would like place together as gardener, lawns, handy; wife housework; Americans. Address Thos. Hannon, General Delivery. I 6 d \*

POSITION as blacksmith's helper, experienced in a foreign country on horse shoeing, wagons and all other blacksmith work. Address P. G. Box 31, Fairfield, Ct. B 5 d \*

MAN WANTS POSITION—16 years experience as painter, paperhanger and wood finisher and joiner; also good color mixer. A. Gluck, care Peck, 126 Pembroke street. A 1 s \*

YOUNG MAN, 25, wishes a position at anything handy around machinery or garage. Alfred J. Conroy, 246 State St. City. A 25 c \*

WANTED—Chauffeur wishes position as mechanic and driver, car wash reference. Call or write, 841 Kossuth St. City. Clarence Kehnbeck. A 25 d \*

**SIDEWALKS**  
TAR AND CEMENT SIDEWALKS and roofing, blue stone and cement curbs, sand and gravel. Estimates cheerfully given. Thomas Broderick contractor. Phone 7199, 1808 North Ave. B 12 a \*



A Cheer Burst From the Gun Crew of the Arizona.

the turret and the yellow light of the battle lanterns. He took his place at the rear of the guns, and as his men went to their stations he gazed through the telescope periscope which let him look out above the top of the turret



The Man's Eyes, Glassy in Their Steadiness, Stared Through the Telescope.